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Consolatory O D E

Tom's Coffee Inscrib'd to the House Aug⁹ 30 1755
K. Trott
Marquis de la CHETARDIE

ON HIS *Devenoux* Court
DISGRACE, and RETURN

FROM THE *London July*
Russian Court January 7th

All fair without, All Fraud within,
Evince a *Frenchman's* nat'ral Test:
Change this and change the Leopard's Skin,
It is the Nature of the Beast.

L O N D O N :

Printed for M. COOPER, in Pater-Noster-Row.

[Price Sixpence.]

Duplicate

Consolatory O D E.

Inscribed to the

MISGRACE and RETURN

Consolatory O D E.





A

Consolatory O D E.

WHO's that in melancholy Dumps?
So very solemn, grave and sad.
He seems, as tho' he'd lost his Trumps,
And that his Cards go very bad,
Good Sirs! alack a-day 'tis he!
The Statesman so profound and hardy;
No less a Man it is I see,
Than the great Minister *Chetardie*.

Above

A 2

And

And are you then that *THING* in Fame,
 Who, on an Embassy from *France*,
 Into the *Russian* Empire came,
 To teach the *Muscovites* to dance?
 Who on the puffing Breath of Friends,
 Full Big and flauntingly so rode,
 And on the Wings of rattling Winds
 Came Gasconading all abroad.

In gaudy Equipage distinct,
 So ministerially attended;
 A Coach bedizen'd out and pink'd
 With Painting and with Sculpture blended!
 On this Side *Bride* crests her Port,
 And tours aloft in *Gallic* Airs,
 Like some gay *Madame* of your Court,
 Or *English* Dancer in our Fairs.

On That fat *Vanity* enthron'd,
 The *Genius* of thy native Land,
 Within all Emptiness and Sound,
 Without in Tinsel gayly grand,
 A Band of meagre *Valets* there,
 Each the mere Emblem of a *Fast*,
 Be-powder'd and be-bagg'd their Hair,
 And uncash'd Nobles all belac'd.

Above, lo! rolling to the Skies,
 Impuff'd the big swollen *Gasconades*;
 Emitted from their Mouths they rise,
 In Clouds of various Lights and Shades.
 A *Phaeton* your Charioteer,
 A frothy *Gascon* your Postillion,
 Like babbling Fame, the Trumpeter
 Of *Gallie* Follies a Million.

Thus from *Versailles* you took your Way,
 Back'd by the *Paris a-la-main*;
Hamburg and *Dantzick's* Gates obey,
 And the Streets rattle with your Train!
 The Northern *States* must be alarm'd,
 With all your boisterous Shew and Pride:
 The Women must likewise be charm'd,
 With the grand Measure of your Stride.

Sometimes in th' *a-la-main* we've read,
 You, Swallow-like, skim'd Earth and Floods,
 And sometimes like a Kite you fled,
 The Lord knows where above the Clouds.
 Puff'd up with Bills and *French* Address,
 Secure of *Russia* in your Might,
 All *Europe* thought you meant no less,
 Than e'en to catch the *Empress* by't.

Great

Great Britain groveling must lie,
 Ruin attends *Hungaria's* Queen,
Croats and *Pandours* all must fly,
Chetardie brings the *Russians* in!
Louis commands with haughty Nod,
 JOHN th' imperial Throne to sit on,
 (The Thing's as good as done by G—d)
 And J—s's Son on that of *Britain*.

But hold, vain Friend, you run too fast,
 You count your Gains before they're got,
 At *Britain's* Helm a *Genie vaste*,
 Will spoil your Porridge and your Plot,
 So very subtil his Disguise!
 No Man can possibly explore him,
 He through a Millstone quickly pries,
 And carries ev'ry thing before him.

This self Same *Burleigh*, you must know,
 Our ancient Glory to reclaim,
 Will humble down thy Country low
 And lift his own to solid Fame;
 Tho', if you will believe your Friend,
Old England's Journal so refin'd,
 To serve the *French* he does intend,
 And so he does— But 'tis in Kind.

Beware,

Beware, *Cbetardie*, then beware,
 Or his Experience soon will maul ye,
 Lo! at thy Heels, to split an Hair,
 Comes well instructed bold *Tyrawly*;
 But wherefore, maugre thy Intrigues,
 And great equivocal Employ,
 Thy flat'ry, *Gasconades* and *Brigues*,
 The Empress stood it out so coy.

Why daign'd she not to hear thee boast,
 The Glory of thy Monarch's Sway;
 Old *Prague* regain'd, *Bavaria* lost,
 While all his Gen'als ran away.
 One Army beaten o'er the *Rbine*,
 Another ruin'd on the *Main*,
 One hundred thousand *French* and nine,
 Destroy'd e'er since the first Campaign.

A Speech like this had sure induc'd,
 Had not her Majesty been deaf,
 But, Pox upon it, you were chous'd,
 By that dull Blockhead *Bestucheff*.
She a rude *Russian* Bear uncouth,
He petrified with Ignorance:
 Sweet Names are these to soil the Mouth,
 Of a fine Gentleman of *France*!

But

But the dull *Count* must lose his Place;
 Come *Valori* assist th' Intrigue,
 To overturn this barbarous Race,
 Let's take our King into the League.
 'Tis worthy our *most Christian* King,
 T' imbroil all foreign States and Pow'rs,
 That dare attempt so bold a Thing,
 As to oppose themselves to our's.

'Twas e'er the Maxim of our State,
 From *Capet* down to *Louis Quinze*,
 Destructive Mischiefs to create,
 And humble ev'ry thwarting Prince.
 Who rais'd up Sovereigns by Couples,
 And gave to *Germany* a Chief,
 (Be witness *Poland* too and *Naples*)
 Can turn up *Bess* another Leaf.

Thus thought and thus, great Sir, you wrote
 To your confederating Brother,
 Until the sly *Besfucheff*, got
 Th' Epistles of the one and t'other.
 How gay you mock'd your Papers lost!
 As tho' you car'd not for the Mail,
 So your Love-Letters were not tost
 Among the Husbands of the Frail.

Vain

Vain Man! are Scrolls of Treason then,
Lettres de Gaieté and Love?

'Tis rare the black conspiring Pen,
 In Raptures amorous can move.

Wou'd'st thou Love's Passion so debase,
 To cover o'er thy dark Extreame,
 Or underneath the Poet's Blaze,
 Secrete the Horror of thy Schemes.

But lo! the Storm is on thy Back,
 Strange! how Events will come to pass,
 This *Russian* Count marks out thy Track,
 And overwhelms thee in Disgrace.

Thy Baggage seiz'd on and secur'd,
 Thy Papers fiscal'd up and writ on,
 Thyself examin'd, search'd, and sour'd!
 And us'd Pick-pocket like in *Britain*.

Cashier'd and turn'd away by Force,
 Forbid on *Russia* more to think,
 Escorted off by twenty Horse,
 Allow'd no Time to eat and drink.
 Stript of the rich Imperial Gift,
 The Fair not promptly ken'd will waver
 Who grants her Picture, shews her Drift
 Is sure, *Monseur*, to grant a *Favour*.

Alas! how mortify'd you seem!
 How poor and pityful you look!
 No Dawns of Joy nor Comfort gleam,
 You stand amaz'd and Thunder-struck.
 Where is your *Gaieté de cœur*,
 Your Gestures *degagé* and Air,
 Your Cringes and your Scrapes, *Monfieur*,
 Ah! me. All lost in black Despair.

Your former Courage, Friend, resume,
Allons and shew your Complaisance,
 Come cut your Capers round the Room,
 And shew us all the Airs of *France*.
 Things will go better by and by,
 At Home ne'er fear the least Disgrace,
 Thy Court approves thy Perfidy,
 And will reward thee with a Place.

Tho' ill Success has seldom Friends
 Yet thou hast done as thou wert bid;
 Well does the Man who well intends,
 The Will is equal to the Deed.
 All fair without, All Fraud within,
 Evince a *Frenchman's* nat'ral Test,
 Change This and change the *Leopard's* Skin,
 It is the Nature of the Beast.

So that Instructions not alone,
 Thou ha'st to plead, but Nature too:
 Or I am much mistaken, none
 In *France* this Plea can disallow.
 From Patron *Tencin* never fear
 More than a generous Rebuke,
 Thou cou'd'st not bring the Plot to bear,
 So as thou might'st be dubb'd a Duke.

For Fallhoods of the blackest Mien,
 Rewarded was thy Friend *Belleisle*,
 And 'gainst a Woman too, like thine,
 He practic'd his perfidious Wile.
 Cring'd at *Vienna* to the Dust,
 Lur'd Hero wou'd-be, and cajol'd,
 Drew *Dresden* blindly in on Trust,
 And half the Elect'ral Princes fool'd.

Rennes has the Termagant of *Spain*,
 With empty Promises amus'd,
 By *Broglio's* run-away Campaign
 Poor *Jahn* is of his Country chous'd.
 The *Dutch*, by *Fenelon* deceiv'd,
 Had near their Friends and Selves forsaken,
 Till half their Barrier they perceiv'd
 Were by Surprise besieg'd and taken.

Bussi, in *London*, stirr'd in vain,
 As there *French* Faith no more prevails,
 So cross'd the Channel back again,
 And sham'd on *Tencin* idle Tales.
 So was th' Invasion set on Foot,
Europe's Guardian to have master'd,
 The young *PRETENDER* was to do't
 In Conduct of the *Saxon* Bastard.

'Tis thus thy Countrymen behave,
 And meanly exercise their Fraud,
 A *Gallic* Minister's a Knave,
 Or be't at Home or be't Abroad.
 Strange! that the Pow'rs of *Europe* shou'd
 Be ever dup'd by *French* Reports,
 And stranger yet they don't exclude,
 Their faithless Commerce from their Courts.

Wise are you Statesmen all in *France*!
 Sly *Amelot* and the *Cardinal*,
 And *Maurepas*, that Thing of Chance,
 And you *Chetardie* e're your Fall!
Belle-isle too,—ay *Belle-isle* indeed!
 Whose Genius is so wond'rous glowing,
 It was his restless Mind and Head,
 Set faithless *Wou'd-be* first a crowing.

Wou'd-be

'WOU'D-BE with *Gallie* Lectures burn'd;
 Took them faster in and faster;
 Until to shew how well he'd learn'd,
 He turn'd the Tables on his Master.
 To steal a War—To cheat a Peace—
 Inglorious from each Side to fall—
 To poach—and track along Distress—
 Are *Berli-Gallicisms* all!

Besides, I like not over-much,
 In black Conspiracies *his* Name,
 In *Botta's* first,—if there were such,
 Who now can doubt from whence it came?
 And is he not remark'd in Thine,
 As giving Countenance intire?
 There is no Smoak, good Friend of mine,
 Without some little Spark of Fire.

The Plot, upon *Vienna* charg'd,
 To stab poor *Wou'd-be* to the Groins
 So swell'd, so puff'd, and so enlarg'd,
 Turns out a *Galli-Berli* Coin.
 Thus sticking here a Pin and there,
 As our good Females wisely note,
 We can make shift with little Care,
 To trace the Footsteps of a Plot.

But

But see th' Event of all your Schemes!
 Your Country's ruin'd and undone;
 Lost and abortive are your Aims,
 While Danger creeps upon the Throne;
 What tho' against some Barrier Towns,
 Your Train of Ordnance loudly thunders;
 Tho' some Success your Labour crowns,
 Guard well your Capital in *Flanders*.

For lo! Prince *Charles* has past the *Rhine*,
 And e'en repuls'd your mighty Warrior,
 What boots, while all Things there resign,
 A Town or two upon the Barrier?
 Turn t'other Side and view that Scene,
 How well *Sardinia* executes
 For ev'ry Three he kills you Ten,
 And bravely Inch by Inch disputes.

Next in *Toulon*, without Relief,
 The *Gallie* Fleet's blockaded up,
 By *Matthews*, Brave experienc'd Chief,
 Like Chickens crouded in a Coop.
 Your Measures ev'ry where are foil'd,
 'Tis worse at Sea, than on the Shore,
 Your Merchants ruin'd, and despoil'd,
 And Ships e'en taken by the Score.

De Torres in the Indies pent,
 With all his Master's Mass of Wealth,
 So that to *Europe* can't be sent
 One single Ducat but by Stealth.
 Your Privateers too out of Heart,
 Since for one Ship they take by Chance,
 The Britons play so well their Part,
 As quite to treble it on *France*.

Affairs in *Italy* are low,
 Prince *Lobcowitz* is watchful there,
 In vain poor *Carlos* makes a Show,
 He joins the *Spaniards* but with Fear.
 In *Flanders*, & *Aremberg* and *Wade*
 On t'other Side the *Scheld* are found
 While *Saxe* is hunted o'er the Glade
 And Fox-like runs into the Ground.

What say you then, *Monseigneur*, to this?
 'Come now you've heard th' Indictment read,
 Consider well and take Advice,
 Before you venture forth to plead.
 Lo! Issue's join'd and you are cast,
 The Sentence must not be prolong'd,
 What can you say now for your last,
 And why you should not all be hang'd.

F I N I S.

De Vaux is the Indies poet,
With all his Master's Mads of Wealth,
So that to Europe can't be sent
One single Ducat but by Stealth.
Your Trivlers top out of Head,
Since for one ship they take by Chance,
The Bazaar play to well their Part,
As quite to trouble it on France.

Affairs in Italy are low,
Prince Esterhazy is watchful there,
In vain poor Carlo makes a Show,
He joins the Spaniards but with Fear
In Flanberry, Strawberry and Wade
On either side the Sables are found
While Saxe is hunted o'er the Glade
And Fox-like runs into the Ground.

What say you then, Monsieur, to this?
Come now you've heard th' Indisment read,
Consider well and take Advice,
Before you venture forth to plead.
Let illu's kind and you are cast,
The sentence must not be prolong'd,
What can you say now for your last,
And why you should not all be hang'd.

F I N I S

*The following true Relation of the Cargo on board the Ship,
L'Esperance, on its first Arrival at Mull in Scotland, is taken
from the Bill of Lading.*

Imprints.

- A** Stack of Faggots, for an Inquisition-Fire in Smithfield.
- Item.* A Carcase-Butcher from *Rome*, to flea and skin stubborn Protestants.
- Item.* A Model for a French Bastile, to secure, for Life and Death, the Free-Writers and Teachers against Popery.
- Item.* A Bundle of Rods to whip the Nakedness of pretty Maids; with Spanish Padlocks for private Uses.
- Item.* A Quantity of Gridirons, Spits, and Scotch Coal, for Irish Cooks to cure Heresy.
- Item.* A large Sponge, to wipe off all national Debt, Stocks and Funds, contriv'd by Belloni, Banker at *Rome*.
- Item.* Strong Blisters of Spanish Flies, for the Backs of hot-headed Protestants.
- Item.* A Quantity of Beads to tell Sins by the Dozen.
- Item.* A Mixture of Jesuit's-Powder, Roman Wormwood and Viper, Genoa Soap, Scotch Snuff, with a Course of Steel to mend English Constitutions.
- Item.* A double Gagg to muzzle the Mouths of Church-Preachers and Dissenters.
- Item.* A Gang of Jesuits from St. Omers and Salamanca, for School-Masters, to teach Youth bad Morals, and good Latin in the right Roman Style.
- Item.* Some sanctified Daggers of the Ravilliac Make, and subtle Italian Poison, to remove dangerous Opponents.
- Item.* A fresh Set of Molten Images for every Church in Great-Britain.
- Item.* A Sett of Hangings, which the Pictures of Ignatius Loyla, and Jacques Clement, are nicely wrought together, by the best Hands at Arras and Tournay.
- Item.* The Pictures of the Seven Sacraments for every private House, drawn by a Priest at *Rome*, to be hung in the best Manner.
- Item.* A Receipt for Soliloquy after the Indian Manner.
- Item.* A Swarm of Monks and Friars to possess the several Colleges in England.

Item. Bottles of *Lachryma Christi*, St. Januarius's Blood, and Holy-water, for pious Uses among the credulous Populace.

Item. *Scotch Bagpipes* play'd to a *French Tune*, by a *Young Pretender*, to Musick, taught after the *Italian Mode*, together with *Cremone Fiddles*, to outdo the *German Flute* and *Hanover Trumpet*.

A Bundle of Schemes for our Government.

A Project left by Doctor *Leslie*, the famous Nonjuror, for incorporating and reconciling the *Gallican Church* with the *High-Church* of *England*.

A Plan for a *Pardon-Shop* for small venial Sins, as *Perjury*, *Fornication*, *Robbery* and *Murder*.

An Injunction for all *Catholicks* to eat nothing but *Fish*, during *Lent*, and to abstain from all *Flesh* but that of *Women*.

A Chest of *White Sheets* to do *Penance*, for poor *Offenders* only.

Rude Draughts for Acts, when our Parliament is suffered to sit.

An Act to legitimize *Father James*, and naturalize his two Sons.

An Act to export *Wool* to *France*.

An Act to encourage the useful Trade of *Smuggling*, as a good Run of *Business*.

An Act to import *French Cambricks* and *Wooden-Shoes*, Duty-free.

An Act anent the *Union*.

An Act to burn *Harry the Eighth*, *Queen Elizabeth*, and *King William* in Effigy.

An Act to abolish the 5th of *November*, to demolish the *Monument*, with a Clause to dissolve the *Abjuration Oath*.

An Act to prohibit the Use of *Warming-Pans*, as containing *Reflections* on the *Stuart Family*.

An Act to prohibit *Brunswick Mum* and *Hanover Pyrmont Water*, as being disagreeable to true *Catholic Stomachs*.

An Act to burn *English Bibles*, and to deny *Liberty of Conscience*, and the free Exercise of the *Protestant Religion*.

An Act to resume all *Ecclesiastical Livings*, to disannul *Clergymen's Marriages*, and to bastardize their *Children*.

An Act to purge the two *Universities* of all their *Revenues* and *Learning*, by a Dole of *Monk's-Wood* and *Tindura sacra*.

At

An Act to give Jamaica and Georgia to Spain, Cape Breton and Ireland to France, as a Gratitude for their Expenses.

An Act to empower the Young Squire of Mull, to marry a Daughter of France, and firmly unite the House of Stuart to the House of Bourbon.

Provisions taken on board

An Olio, to represent this *middle* Crew of all Nations; Soup meagre; Naples Biscuit; Bologna Sauages; Scotch Collops; Irish Potatoes; Lancashire Oat-Cakes; Spanish Onions; Gingerbread Kings with Mock-Crowns and Sceptres; and Puffs of all Sorts.

Water Gruel made of Scotch Oatmeal; Irish Whisky; Hermitage and Brist-Port; French Capillaire; Punch Royal, made of right French and some English false Spirits, with the Waters of Bourbon, as an excellent Sovereign Restorative.



To be read

